



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

THE HOPE

The hope I hold  
The leering demon-days  
Deride, and reason plays,  
Snug as a raven on a gallows-tree,  
Its ancient game with me,  
Flapping its wings and lewdly gibbering,  
"Life is a humorous thing!"  
But on I fare, clutching—  
It is not gold,  
The hope I hold.

The hope I hold,  
Delicate cruelty  
Snatches at, passing by;  
And like a vine-leaf, fallen from its place  
Upon a tortured face,  
Offers its fragrance to betray, sighs low,  
"Life is a humorous show!"  
But on I fare, clutching—  
It is not gold,  
The hope I hold.

The hope I hold  
Nature herself with glee  
Derides. And destiny  
With evil goblin laughter indicates

*John Cowper Powys*

The adamantine gates,  
And with a maniac-chuckle rallies me,  
"That way is closed, you see!"  
But I fare on, clutching—  
It is not gold,  
The hope I hold:

O hope, whose face in madness I have kissed,  
O hope, that art a mirage and a mist,  
Shall I destroy thee now, and laugh thereat?—  
It is too late for that.

*John Cowper Powys*

#### THE KIND HEART

Though I go out in cold and storm  
My heart shall keep my body warm.  
Though I am humble, though I am poor,  
The rich are begging at my door.  
I am the least a man may be,  
But the great come and kneel to me.

*Julia Wickham Greenwood*